

The Arbiter

by Spirit Dragon

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Summary: Short poem written in a Poetry SLAM workshop, the same class that Kopeke attended with me. R&R please.

The Arbiter

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This was written in a Poetry SLAM workshop, like my friend Kopeke The Chronicler's poem, The Ballad of Halo. We were given a free-time session on the last day of the workshop, so three of us wrote some Halo stuff. Mine may not be as good as Kopeke's, but oh well.

I didn't submit this in poetry format because these words would be all spaced out like this.

(paragraph here)

He will fight to his last breath,  
>A blind servant of his masters.<br>With glowing blades he deals out death-  
>He is the Arbiter.<p>

Once was of the highest employ,  
>In the ranks of the Praetor.<br>Now even beneath the Unggoy,

>Condemned as the Arbiter.<p>

Leading troops bravely into war,  
>Leaving corpses for the coroner.<br>He once showed mercy, now no more,  
>The cold-blooded Arbiter.<p>

Numerous weapons in his arsenal,  
>Plasma rifle, carbine, needler,<br>But the most deadly only the specialists handle.  
>The tools of the Arbiter.<p>

Though he is branded with the Mark of Shame,  
>Bitter feelings he will not harbor.<br>His conquests will land him  
in the Hall of Fame,  
>Remembered as the Arbiter.<p>

But now the Elites have seen the light-  
>The Prophets and Brutes, those vile betrayers!<br>Jiralhanae and  
Sangheili, engaged in battle,  
>The death blow dealt by the Arbiter.<p>

Tartarus dead, the Covenant broken,  
>The Elites emerging victors.<br>Their leader, valiant, true and  
soft-spoken.  
>Is none other than<p>

The Arbiter.

END

End  
file.